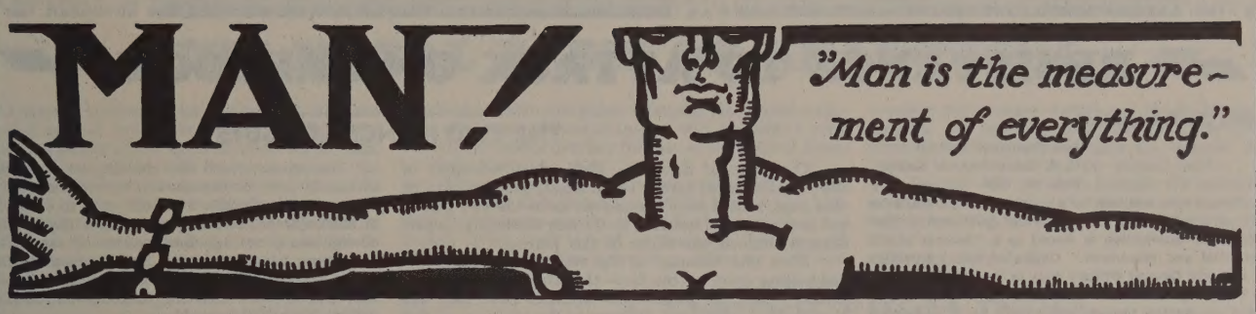
MAN!



"Man is the measure-ment of everything."

If There Is Anything That Cannot Bear Free Thought—Let It Crack—WENDELL PHILLIPS

Vol. 5—No. 9 1 (353) Los Angeles, Calif. November, 1937 Single Copies FIVE CENTS

OUR BRAVE COMRADES IN THE LIGHT OF HISTORY

Fifty years have already elapsed since the Black Friday of November 11, 1887. Events of seeming momentary world significance have taken place during this last half a century, most of which have already been forgotten.

Yet, there are events that have taken place during the last half a century that all the efforts of the press liars and history distorters and falsifiers cannot efface —try as they did. One of such outstanding events is the judicial murdering of our brave Comrades of Chicago on Black Friday. Forgotten are the twelve men "good and true," the judge and prosecuting attorney, together with all those dark forces of reaction that made possible this judicial murder. But, unforgotten, nay revered, are the real brave men and true—our Comrades—who although facing the lynch law of capitalism's henchmen wearing the badges of a self-erected State, did not cringe, did not recant, did not go back one iota upon the principles that they were being tried and convicted for. Throughout every corner of the globe, where hearts and minds beat for freedom and justice—their brave fortitude is being commemorated—as it always will be by those men and women who dream, struggle and labor for the dawn of an era wherein such monstreous Black Fridays as was enacted on November 11, 1887, shall never again be repeated.

* * *

There are many "history" books that have devoted chapters to the Haymarket Judicial Murder of our Comrades. Most of such histories have been written by Socialist authors. A few outright enemies of the oppressed and ruled masses have likewise devoted chapters and even whole volumes that were utterly biased and did nothing else but misrepresent and vilify the utterances and position of our brave Comrades. The socialist authors, whilst pointing out the lawlessness of the sworn law upholders by perpetrating the judicial murder, could not help in being biased when having to interpret the views, motives and aims of Anarchists. The poisenous bias and anmity of Karl Marx hovers over every word that these socialist authors have penned down about the Haymarket affair.

So it came to pass that no real and truthful history of that gigantic struggle of the eighteenth century, the heroic sacrifices of the masses and the incomparable bravenes of the anarchist spokesmen, remained unwritten for close fo fifty years.

Truth though has always proven in the end to be far more powerful than falsehoods. And a sincere and truthful history of that gigantic period in the struggle of the working class of America for justice and freedom was bound to be penned down some day. And such an event is just what has recently taken place on the eve of the 50th commemoration of the Judicial Murdering of our Comrades.

* * *

In *"The History of the Haymarket Affair" (A Study in the American Social-Revolutionary and Labor Movements)** Professor Henry David presents, for the first time, the most authentic and commandable history of those tragical and yet inspiring and memorable days —preceding and following the Judicial Murdering of our Comrades in Chicago on Black Friday, November 11, 1887.

Every history book is but a partial interpretation of the person's views who composes it. Nevertheless, there are histories and histories. Histories wherein the historian colors and distorts what suits one's own point of view. Then there are histories wherein the historian approaches his task with a sincere devotion of seeking the background to all the principal issues involved. It is from such histories that *man* has learned and *mankind* has somewhat progressed. The history of Professor Henry David, happily enough, comes in the latter category.

Prof. David furnishes us with a painstaking and most thorough minute background of the heroic tragedy of the Haymarket. He depicts in details, backed by many statistics, the poverty-stricken conditions of the laboring masses in the America of the 18th century. Exploitation was at its peak of meanness and ugliness. Its servant, the State, never more brutal in the annals of this country. Workers' lives were not only being crushed by inches in the factories, but even more so—whenever they dared to raise their voices in protest. Bloodshed, the blood of the workers, was the order of the day in every strike.

There were in that period many social movements amidst the working masses. There were already then the forerunning labor party politicians for which some naive people are clamoring today. There were also the Socialists. But in the defence of the workers, the voice of the Anarchists stood out above all others. It was listened to and heeded by the struggling masses. It was an uncompromising and inspiring voice in behalf of Justice and Freedom that the Anarchists echoed forth. And the enemies of Justice and Freedom were trembling and shrieking in fear—fear before a powerful enemy that, for the first time, actually threatened their entire reign.

It was for this courageous stand of the spokesmen of Anarchism, that the froces of darkness and injustice picked them out as the first targets through whom to deliver a death-blow to the rising tide of Revolution. The occasion was May 4, 1886. A protest meeting was scheduled to protest against the murdering and clubbing of striking workers at the McCormick Harvester Factory. A mass of 200 armed police came and began attacking the workers just when the meeting was approaching its end. A bomb was thrown in the direction of the armed police, killing several. No one knew who threw the bomb. But the police knew the spokesmen of Anarchism who have so untiringly pleaded the cause of the oppressed. Capitalism, through its lying daily press and the State, gave the order—and the leading spokesmen of Anarchism were seized and charged with responsibility for the throwing of the bomb. Albert Richard Parsons, who could have avoided standing trial, marched into the court room on the eve of the opening of the trial—in order to take his place alongside with his Comrades.

The prosecution, the judge, the lying press of the land, openly proclaimed that Anarchy was on trial, not the question of the guilt or innocence of the accused. Every insincere voice that the system of exploitation and rulership could command was shrieking for blood, the blood of our Comrades, and hoping thereby to crush our ideal. And a crooked court proved an altogether too willing servant of the blackest forces of reaction. All the accused were found guilty. Three, SAMUEL FIELDEN, OSCAR NEEBE and MICHAEL SCHWAB, were sentenced to imprisonment, and five to death. But only four were Judicially Murdered. These were: GEORGE ENGEL, ADOLPH FISCHER, ALBERT R. PARSONS and AUGUST SPIES. The fifth, LOUIS LINGG, was blown to bits in his cell on the eve of the execution, in order to stave off the world-wide rising protests that clamored for the Freedom of the framed-up martyrs.

It was not until the year of 1893 that a complete vindication of our Murdered Comrades and the three imprisoned ones came about. It came at the hands of an honest man who happened to have found himself in the Governor's chair of Illinois, John P. Altgeld. For this daring act of honesty the black forces of reaction never relented for a single day in hounding and reducing him to utter poverty, though once having been a rich man.

A final chapter in Prof. David's history points out the erroneous misconception created by many "historians" that the Haymarket affair hurt the Anarchist movement. Quite correctly he points to the contrary: the persecution and judicial murdering of the anarchists only aided in arousing the interest of scores of sincere men and women amongst whom were such outstanding figures as Alexander Berkman and Valtairine De Cleyre.

* * *

I cannot close the impressions without mentioning some of the regrettable shortcomings of this invaluable work. The sincerity of Prof. David is beyond reproach. Yet, he seemingly could not help in viewing the uncompromising revolutionary struggle and movement of that period with that lack of warm-heartedness that his pages might have glowed with, had he himself been imbued with the same revolutionary fervor. It is quite evident that he is not, despite his avowed sympathy with the ideal of the Anarchists. Thus only can one explain the unsympathetic picture that is created by his manner of approach towards such men as Johann Most and Louis Lingg. The even more serious deficiency of the book lies in its failure to deal sufficiently enough with the very lives of our martyred Comrades in order to enable the reader in perceiving that vast movement his history deals with, but without whose individuals,—that movement might undoubtedly have been far different than it has been.

* * *

Upon the occasion of the 50th anniversary, commemorating the Judicial murdering of our Comrades one cannot help but draw a parallel between the Labor movement of Fifty years ago and the one of today. The wholesale murdering of scores of workers in the Steel industry fifty years after the Haymarket tragedy — found a labor movement incapable of meeting the challenge. Reduced to impotency by the influence of marxian ideology, the labor movement of today—in America —or throughout the world, offers a most sorrowful spectacle. The reason thereof is not hard to find: the lack of that influential anarchist movement of fifty years ago. Our voices have been drawned out by the barterers and misleaders of labor. Nevertheless, we do not relent. We do not surrender the faith, the hope, the dream—that some day in the not too far distant future—we will at last be listened to. The unabated persecution of the voices and forces of uncompromising Anarchism at the hands of the protector of injustice—the State—makes us feel the more certainer of the approach and the dawn of that day.

And when that day dawns—mankind shall begin, through the ushering in of Justice, Freedom and Happiness—to fully appreciate and understand the grandiose characters and stand of our brave Comrades of Chicago.

Marcus Graham

*Farrar & Rinhart, Inc. On Murray Hill, New York City. 579 Pages, $4.00. Obtainable through MAN!.

Lest We Forget

Forget them, our comrades, the true and the noble,
Who marched with the foremost in liberty's van,
Who pled for the cause of the weak and downtrodden,
Who spoke the great word of the freedom of man?

Forget them, our brothers, the sweet and the tender,
Who lived for the sake of a world that was blind,
Who recked not the slander, nor heeded the peril,
Secure in the truth, and the love of their kind?

Forget them, our heroes, the strong and the fearless,
Who faced the wild beast in its innermost lair,
Who blenched not, though lashed by the rage of the tempest,
Who taught slaves and tyrants what free men can dare?

Forget them, our martyrs, the grand and the peerless
Who mastered the scaffold, and conquered the grave,
Who murdered are living, and dying are deathless,
Whose memory lives in the hearts of the brave?

Forget them? When hopeless and shrouded in darkness,
When heavy the burden and long the delay,
They brighten the blackness, and speak from the silence,
And point through the clouds to the dawn of the day.

Forget them? By liberty scorned and dishonored,
By justice entangled in sophistry's net,
By truth doomed to drudge in the service of falsehood,
By love turned to hatred—we will not forget!

Forget them? When lost to the meaning of manhood,
And deaf to the cause which inspired us of yore,
We crouch with the craven or turn with the traitor,
Then we may forget—for they know us no more!

Forget them? Humanity's triumph approaches;
The harvest is white from the seed they have sown.
Forget them? Ye cannot, ye sons of the future;
When freedom is victor, they come to their own!

James F. Morton

RESISTANCE TO ATTACK ON FREEDOM

Re-opening the Persecution

San Francisco District
U. S. Department of Labor
Feb. 20, 1936.

The alien is now and has for a considerable period, been the editor of a publication named "Man," published in San Francisco, which publication is issued as a "Journal of the Anarchist Ideal and Movement." Copies of this publication are now with the Central Office's files in this case.

It is thought possible that this alien may be able to give information concerning himself which may be of assistance in bringing about his deportation but that such information, if obtainable at all, would probably have to be secured through court proceedings to compel the giving of such testimony.

EDWIN L. HAFF, District Director.

(The above are excerpts from a request letter to reopen the persecution against Marcus Graham, and which request was granted on a Washington document issued on March 9, 1936, and signed by L. Paul Winnings, Chairman Board of Reviews, Turner W. Battle, Assistant to the Secretary and T. B. Shoemaker, Deputy Commissioner.—Editor.)

* * *

Department of Labor
Office of the Solicitor.

I have your letter* of October 27, 1937 and shall be glad to look into the case of Marcus Graham. As you know, the Immigration and Naturalization Service does not tolerate persecution of particular individuals nor allow its officers to violate the search and seizure clause. You may be assured that both these aspects of the case will receive thorough investigation.

Gerald D. Reilly, Solicitor of Labor.

*Excerpt from a letter addressed to Mr. A. L. Wirin, attorney of the American Civil Liberties Union.

* * *

American Civil Liberties Union
Nov. 3, 1937.

Mr. Gerald Reilley,
Solicitor of Labor
Dear Mr. Reilley:—

Mr. Wirin, who is now working in our Los Angeles Office, has forwarded to me a copy of his letter to you of October 27 concerning Marcus Graham. I am addressing both you and Mr. Haughteling (U. S. Commissioner of Immigration) to ask that the obvious persecution of this alien cease. It hardly becomes the Department to act under a warrant dated 1919 when Graham has been before the public continuously since as the editor of a well know book of verse and of a magazine "Man."

While Graham may be deportable, the Government does not have the facts on which to deport him and lends itself to very questionable procedure in seeking to get them by methods of persecution.

If the Government has been unable to deport a man after eighteen years it would only be reasonable that the charges should be filed. ROGER BALDWIN.

* * *

Mills of the Law Grind On

The first "hearing" in the renewal of the eighteen-year old attempt to exile Marcus Graham took place on November the 10th. A group of poets, friends of Graham, came, as did also members of the press and the director of The American Civil Liberties Union. None were admitted. Only the attorneys Jack Greenberg, L. B. Stanton and A. L. Wirin.

Arbitrarily ruling that such contemptible procedures had better be carried out hidden away from the public and the press, a Mr. Press, acting as prosecutor and judge, hypocritically made the claim for such procedure as being an "impartial hearing." His first act of duplicity was to return the stolen manuscripts and correspondence of MAN! along with other property belonging to Marcus Graham, when the government agents illegally broke into his house on October 6, 1937. Mr. Press insisted on obtaining a signed receipt from the robbed victim, as well as of the attorney, for the returned stolen property by his own colleague-thieves! . . . The same "gentleman"—Mr. Press—refused to deny or affirm, or find out, as to whether anyone in the office of the Labor Department had examined the manuscripts and correspondence of MAN! during the five weeks it has been in their possession. (Some more misdeeds that ought to bother the conscience of Mr. Riley, U. S. Solicitor. . . .)

Mr. A. L. Wirin, chief acting attorney, had to plead with Mr. Press to accept for the record the oral and written documentary proofs as to why the defence refuses to participate in the entire illegal procedure. A suit for $35,000 damages, filed just before the hearing began, charged the head of the local Labor Department, Judson F. Shaw and other named subordinates of his, with a conspiracy to harass and to destroy the publication MAN!, and with a conspiracy to deprive Marcus Graham of any "due process of law."

Mr. Press was insistant in proceeding with what was to all appearances a challenged and disqualified "lawful" hearing. Mr. Shaw, unwittingly, furnished the strongest substantiating proof of the existence of a conspiracy by walking in and out of the hearing room, during the conducting of the hearing, thereby disqualifying also said Mr. Press. On one occasion, Mr. Shaw brought in, and handed over, to Mr. Press a clipping given to him by Charles Gesner, reporter of the Los Angeles Evening News, that contained a slanderous attack upon Marcus Graham, written by a provocateur.

When Mr. Shaw entered a third time, with the intention of remaining, Mr. Wirin demanded that his presence be entered in the record, whereupon he immediately left.

Having proven the whole hearing as a farce and illegal conspiracy, the three attorneys refused to continue participating in it and left the room, as Graham did likewise.

Another similar "performance" by the Department of Labor is scheduled for Monday, November 22, 1937.

* * *

Suing Lawless Officials

The American Civil Liberties Union and its attorneys, believeing as they do in the "due process of law" as proscribed in the U. S. Constitution, and witnessing how it has been flagrantly violated in the instance and manner of the persecution of Marcus Graham and the publication MAN! which he edits, have decided to sponsor a suit against Judson F. Shaw, local head of the Immigration Department and a number of named and unnamed subordinates of his.

Since neither MAN! nor Marcus Graham believe that the laws of any given country were ever intended to protect the freedom of any human being, except to deprive and limit it, both refused to file such suit.

They raised no objection though, when a private citizen, Miss Margaret Malley, holding the views of the American Civil Liberties Union and of its attorneys, filed a suit against the officials of the local labor department for the sum of $35,000. Willful conspiracy to harass and destroy MAN! and to deprive Marcus Graham of any "due process of law" are the basic charges in the suit.

* * *

Protesting Voices

To Marcus Graham freedom under Roosveelt is not in any way different from the one granted the subjects of this great republic by his predecessors from Wilson to Hoover. Indeed, since 1919 every time the officials of the Department of Labor had the whim to save the democratic institutions from the red peril, they put themselves at the heels of Marcus Graham, entered and ransacked his quarters, without taking the trouble to procure from the competent authority the necessary search warrant or the none less necessary warrant for his arrest. They simply take him away, and throw him in jail under the pretext that he is an undesirable foreigner since he has some opinion of his own.

Marcus Graham was arrested for the first time in 1919 during the reign of Wilson; the second time in 1921 under Harding rulership; the third time during the sovereignty of Hoover. Marcus Graham's personality may or may not be desirable but the fact remains that he cannot be deported for the reason that no government is willing to recognize him as one of their own citizens and is willing to open their own gates to let him in as to please the fancy wishes of this great republic's officials. This fact has been positively established each time Graham was arrested.

The only visible reason why the Roosevelt administration is after Graham is that he has again taken up the editorship of the monthly anarchist paper "MAN!." And thus Miss Perkins' agents invaded his home in California, rummaged everything, seized what suited them, always without warrant, incarcerated him in jail in Los Angeles where after eight days he was left out on one thousand dollar bail bond.

Surely the charge is always the same: UNDESIRABLE FOREIGNER; the solution can only be the same as in the past: no one wants to receive Marcus Graham in his own home and the United States Government will have to keep him here.

Nevertheless the publication of "MAN!" is handicaped, but that is just what the officials of the Roosevelt democratic administration are after.

"L'Adunata dei Refrattari."

* * *

I have just come from Mass, this being All Saints Day, and the first I'd better get off is a letter acknowledging yours of October 30 re Marcus Graham and 'Man.' I regret to say I never heard of Graham or 'Man' but I do remember getting a lot of enjoyment out of the **Anthology of Revolutionary Poetry**, and if he edited that he's all right with me. And even if he wasn't I would still protest against any persecution of any man who is willing to say what he thinks and put it in print. And a charge hanging around since 1919 looks to me like a Class A Production in Persecution. Put me down accordingly as only too glad to stooge on the Marcus Graham Freedom of the Press Committee.

And while you're at it will you join my committee to raise funds to get a set of golf clubs for Tom Mooney? Once we can convince the world that he is a good golfer he can even rob banks and have carpets laid down for him on his way to a producer's office.

FRANK SCULLY in the Los Angeles Open Forum.

* * *

We are happy to oblige these guys. We think, however, that they are going about things in the wrong way. They aren't at any rate, going about it in The American Way. Instead of writing letters*, they should be taking this Graham out to Lakeside and teaching him a little golf.

It takes time and effort and a good deal of patience, but with 36 holes a day, for say, 30 days, they ought to be able to get him acquitted in five juries under par.

We have made it our business to talk with this Graham.

(Continued on Page Three)

THE TWO PRINCIPLE ISSUES

The letter of Edwin L. Haff, chief red-baiter of the San Francisco Labor Department, that appears on this page, should convince anyone as to the two principal issues that are involved in the new attempt to deport Marcus Graham, the editor of this journal.

First and foremost of the reasons offered by the red-baiting chief is—the fact—that Graham is editor of MAN!. And the government agencies have long ago shown their dislike and disfavor to the existence of this journal. Readers in various parts of the country have been harassed in 1934. Vincent Ferrero and Domenick Sallitto were seized and ordered deported to fascist Italy. And on October 6th of this year Marcus Graham, editor of MAN!, is seized and jailed without even any sort of warrant of arrest, his house keys snatched from him and the office of MAN! broken into and all manuscripts and correspondence belonging to it, stolen by the Government agents and openly boasted of and displayed before the attorneys! (All this, despite the assurance given by the U. S. Solicitor, Gerald D. Riley, that his department disproves of illegal raids and illegal arrests. . . .)

The first and principal issue is a clear cut one: the Freedom of the Press, and thereby the Freedom of Thought, has been most viciously attacked and challenged by the U. S. Governmental authorities. The American Civil Liberties Union was prompt in taking up the challenge locally as well as nationally. Not only alone in offering its best legal talent, but also by sponsoring the immediate formation of a nation-wide Marcus Graham Freedom of the Press Committee, inviting the most renown artists, authors, educators and editors to join the Committee. Locally, in the vicinity of Hollywood alone, such notable authors as Vicki Baum, Konrad Bercovici, Lewis Browne, Kate Crane-Gartz, Frank Scully, Donald Ogden Stewart and Jimmy Tully have already joined the Committee.

Before long, despite a corrupt kept press (with some notable exceptions) the thinking people of America will become fully aware of the Governmental crime that is now being enacted in Los Angeles.

* * *

Second to the principle issue o fthe attack upon the Freedom of the Press is the jesuitical sort of Jean Valjean persecution that the U. S. Government has been inflicting upon Marcus Graham—for the unheard period of eighteen years! Throughout his whole life he has never committed a singular crime. Yet, he has been arrested no less than four times, forcibly finger-printed and photographed and held in custody for close to one year, aside from having undergone an inhuman 24 hour third degree ordeal. (Despite the claim of the Department of Labor that deportation proceedings are civil but not criminal, Graham has again and again been mistreated as are all those charged with criminal offences.)

One cannot recall any similar case, excepting those of murder, where one should be hounded for eighteen long years, as Graham has been, and to crown this sort of shameful procedure by reviving a deportation order of eighteen years ago that was never carried out, and now being threatened with imprisonment through contempt of court procedure, unless he testifies against himself, and thereby aids the contemptible authorities in getting himself deported!

What have been the terrible crimes that Graham has committed? *His intellectual activities in behalf of a free society—without man-made laws and without any form of human exploitation—these and these alone constitute his chief "crimes!"*

The eighteen year old persecution of Graham becomes then, in turn, a sort of Jean Valjean ordeal, but not of one who has ever committed any crime, but—that of having thoughts of his own which he has dared to give open expression to.

* * *

The two issues involved in the outrageous renewal of deportation proceedings against Graham are of such magnitude that no self-respecting human being in this land who holds dear the fundamental principles of the inalianable right of Freedom of Thought and of Expression—can remain indifferent or passive.

If the authorities should succeed to railroad out of the country Marcus Graham for the obvious sole reason that he expounds different social views than those that suit the misrulers of today—no one who dares to think and express one's thoughts will any longer be safe from a similar ordeal and fate. And if the authorities succeed to stifle the voice of this journal—what liberal or radical journal can remain immune from a similar fate?

Only a nation-wide protest directed at the authorities at Washington that are responsible for this two-fold attempted injustice can bring about an immediate end of this shameful spectacle. Miss Francis Perkins, Secretary of Labor, the U. S. Commissioner of Immigration, Mr. Haughteling, and the U. S. Solicitor, Mr. Riley, shuold become aware of the fact that the thinking men and women of America demand that such shameless czarist procedures against the Freedom of Thought and the Freedom of the Press must cease. The revival of an eighteen year old deportation order against Marcus Graham should immediately be cancelled, and the magazine MAN! be let alone.

Let the ringing voice of protest from the hearts and minds of Thinking America resound throughout the land—thereby delivering a counter blow to all the dark forces of reaction, fascism and pseudo-liberalism.

Let those who wish to retain a Free America resist the attempt to have it be turned into a Czarist one!

MAN!

THE MORAL BASIS OF ANARCHISM

The Anarchist philosophy lacking in rigid laws, but strengthened by past experiences, starts from this one fundamental principle which forms its whole moral basis, "Freedom is incompatible with violence; and as the State is the central organ of compulsion and spoliation for the benefit of some classes at the detriment of the others, it constitutes a steady and unnecessary form of organization of violence; therefore freedom is incompatible with the State."

From the above statement spring a series of irrefutable principles and arguments.

It is not necessary to spend much time in trying to demonstrate to the (right or left) enemies of Anarchism, as well as to those who don't want to know or don't wish to understand, that violence is the natural enemy of freedom, but that necessary violence is legitimate.

Indeed, such violence is legitimate. To incarcerate an individual for the crime of thinking in a certain direction rather than in another is somewhat similar to a man hurting or killing a person in order to compel him to think as he himself does. There cannot be freedom if it does not end where the freedom of others begins. If a man employs violence against me in the name of the State, or if another one does it in the name of something else, they are both violating my right and I consider them to be nothing but tyrants. I, myself, may rightfully resort to violence when an agent in authority, or someone else, violates my rights. Here arises necessary violence. I can legitimately fight back any unjust aggression and beat off a strong provocation —that is my right to rebel against oppression.

Surely, self-defense which renders necessary the use of violence, be it by individuals or society, is the moral basis for revolutions against all forms of tyranny.

Thus the moral basis of Anarchism is freedom and revolution; the latter being the means of bringing about the former. Violence, as part of the Anarchist philosophy, is not that violence publicized by cheap newspaper men. They give that false opinion of Anarchism because violence is the very basis of all forms of political power —a power always tyrannical to men. In Monarchies and Dictatorships we have the steady violence of one upon all; in Oligarchies there are a few over many; and in democracies there are the majority over the minority. In all such and similar cases where men arrogate the right to govern society, coercion is the only persuasible argument adopted by the rulers against the governed. There is compulsion in everything, even in the patented governmental learning.

The paternal State, the State protector of the weak, the guardian of the people's rights and the sharp defender of freedom is only a childish fairy tale to which the experiences of the past and present give the lie.

It is only natural that after many centuries the real nature of the State should become apparent. The State deceives and kills under the pretext of public welfare, law and order; the Anarchist philosophy asserts that public welfare and public order can only be the spontaneous results of an association of all productive forces. It affirms the sovereignty of exercised intelligence, and encourages all projects which add to the public welfare.

Yes, the State rules with violence, and violence will finally bring about its downfall. — QUI GLAUDIO FERIT, GLAUDIO PERIT. All the social disorders created by the opposing interests, the chaotic condition of business, and all the painfully imposed duties that were not recognized by corresponding rights, all that will be supplanted by true order, the result of a federation of intelligence and human forces. And just as the cosmic order is the spontaneous product of natural forces crushing all obstacles which interpose the eternal evolution of phenomena and shapes so will Anarchism overcome the obstacles that bar the way of the natural forces of civilization.

We see then that the social evolution has eaten away the last dark foundations of the State which have been for centuries ceaselessly fertilized by sacrifices and human lives. And instead of everyone fighting each other as they have been doing since Adam we shall have a united fight against nature and obtain her secrets and benefits for our universal welfare. The cause will triumph without coercion since the interests and feelings of everyone are for the mutual welfare. Welfare and freedom will gravitate towards the collective good, as in the stellar system the planets rotate around a central body which showers them with lifegiving light and heat.

Petro Gori

(*Translated by J. S.*)

Resistance to Attack on Freedom

(Continued from Page Two)

He turns out to be a poet. Poets should be hung—never deported. After a poet is hung two weeks he loses a lot of that gamey flavor and becomes an Anarchist.

Anyway, if we remember the Olympic Rules (about the only Constitution America has left by the way) the guy has already been snagged four times. After the fourth crack it really does seem someone ought to get permanent possession of him.

The address of the American Civil Liberties Union, where we have already sent our protest, is 624 American Bank Bldg., Los Angeles.

MORTON THOMPSON in the Hollywood Citizen-News.

*After printing the call for the formation of a nation-wide Marcus Graham Freedom of the Press Committee in his daily column, Mr. Morton Thompson devoted the rest of the column to his own comments upon the case, and from which the excerpts are taken.—Editor.

Those Wishing to Aid

Those who are desireous in aiding morally and materially in the work of combating the vicious attempts to destroy MAN! and deport its editor should forward all correspondence, monies, as well as copies of the protests they send to Washington, on the following addresses:

MARCUS GRAHAM FREEDOM OF THE PRESS COMMITTEE
THE AMERICAN CIVIL LIBERTIES UNION
129 West Second Street,
Los Angeles, California.

A LETTER FROM INDIA

What worries me is the future of Spain. But somehow I conclude that no state can be established on the debris left even if Negrin or Franco wins. Hence I hope for the defeat of both which ever wins first.

I am afraid our Anarchist friends are not prepared for reconstruction. I had confessed the fear to someone from here. I had told Souchy in Berlin that no reconstruction is hereafter possible on any exchange, currency and trade basis even if one desired it, if all desired. I still warn them. I had written a plan as early as 1927 in the German Syndicalist Monthly which was translated in the *Protesta* of B. Aires and *L'en Dehors* of Armand, under the title *Trust and Democracy*. I feel certain that it still holds good if reconstruction is desired, has to come. Because I am quite out of traditions, I see clearly. Making water run uphill won't work.

I feel, the defeat of the warring and conspiring governments is certain for many reasons. The last currency—Franc—is off the rails. France will have to fight a civil war as in Spain. It will spread to Belgium and even England. That will naturally affect already bankrupt dictatorships including Russia. I expect general civil war in Europe and even U. S. A. Spain is the battlefield of all dictatorships with democracy—politically—switched in. The field for Spanish anarchists will be free and open. But mental preparation is wanting even in Spain for planned reconstruction. It may therefore lead to chaos. I know they are older in thought than myself but a newcomer may see some points, for want of habit. I am myself pained to tell this.

In India people are all expectant about Spain but the world agencies boost only Franco or Negrin—Fascism or Bolshevism or hypocrisy called Democracy. Anyway sympathies are with radicals. I have to meet a lot of opposition till the British Press lets out truths. I used to get CNT bulletins but they have ceased to come in spite Souchy having assured their mailing to me.

I think the split in the IAMB is natural owing to conflicts between economic and philosophic thought. Economics must become philosophic—not the reverse. In India too, there is a conflict between political philosophies and economic thought. This country is the most rotten ripe for chaos, for it is poorer than any other including Spain and Russia. We are not going to have any government here, chaos or not. No possibility of founding one. But mental atavism persists in thinking one has to go through newer forms of government, as in 1917 people thought in and outside Russia that beyond democracy nothing was possible there. Here in India it will be worse, just for want of mental preparation and complete breakdown of all known economics. People are talking as from a mad world, learning from Europe that once was. The dead of Europe are speaking through Indians. The Chinese believe that the minds of the living are being ruled by the dead. It is true. For mankind is just trying to run the institutions made by the dead and therefore the minds of the dead constructors are working through those who want to run the institutions. I might say some Anarchists' minds are being run by the dead through the channels of exchange and barter—even currency—which they want to see continued. Only they won't be able to work them after capitalists have bankrupted them there or owing to their uneconomic nature. Beware of your head! I say even to anarchists as to the Capitalists and Bolshevists. They may laugh at me but they will learn. I think I see much better from this distance than those on the spot—without any exaggeration and pride. All this chaos—even of mind—is due the fundamental unworkability of every exchange system on which all civilizations are based. Yet we want to confuse it, is it not atavism? Exchange means two owners at least and the beginning of exploitation. Even a family would disperse if based on exchange. Scientific distribution is in the family system. We want only a world family without compartments. That would be perfect science. I hope our Spanish comrades would see the point.

As regards "anti-militarist government," it is forced upon them by Franco* Better to have fought and lost than not to have fought at all. This war process is necessary to make anarchist revolution ripe when the war shall have forced all to the equal, Democracy in the anarchist sense would sprout, never to be smothered. A horrible process, no doubt. But "peace" would have been horrible also, and produced the same results. People would have died "by inches", by suppressed agonies. Now at least there is hope. Long live Spain for showing to the world that all is not lost yet. The mental depression has been broken by Spain throughout the world.

Those who were tired of Democracy, Fascism and Bolshevism have found there is something else to try, that the last word has not been said already.

Spain has lifted mankind out of the slough of thought: something new is still possible in the world and is coming. Thet defeat of Franco and Negrin would open up vast vistas for Man!

Bolshevism will die with Capitalism, as mentally it is bound with it, as "economic capitalism." The world crisis will drown Bolshevism in its maelstrom. That is the significance of the executions of all old Bolshevists in Russia. They deserved it long ago. It is the revenge for Kronstadt.

M. Acharya

* *MAN! dissents from this view.*—Editor.

ON THE BLOCK

Pope Pius at last rewarded General Franco with his Holy recognition. In our humble opinion the old dear should have done it long ago. Look how many souls the General dispatched away from Spain to the Holy land of St. Peter. . . .

* * *

Wuxtra. Wuxtra. Mussolini flies to Hitler.

We suspect very much Il Duce is terribly annoyed because there are some children left in Spain his butchers didn't murder yet. . . .

* * *

East or West,
West or East,
Wherever you be
Death has a feast. . . .

* * *

Summer is over. Now that the seas have rid themselves of the fat-bellies and double-chins they can freely surge their stormy waves. . . .

* * *

Our department offers these valuable books for sale:

Mickey Mouse $5.00
Voltaire (all his works) ..... .66

* * *

"Principle" runs high in diplomatic circles these days. Italy accepts "in principle" to sit in pirate sub conference; Japan acknowledges "in principle" the responsibility for shooting a British ambassador; Vatican recognizes "in principle" the Franco movement—and so on, ad-infinitum.

The next thing a tiger eating his supper will accept "in principle" he is gorging a lamb. . . .

* * *

We demand an apology. For what, you ask? Oh, just like that. People demand apologies for sinking ships, for machine-gunning sailors, for shooting ambassadors, and other such trivials, we thought we may's well ask for something like that too.

But if you really insist on the truth we simply want to find out what really is gotten if an apology is gotten.

* * *

And speaking of civilization we must confess we really didn't know Mussolini and Hitler are its protectors (they said so themselves). Such ignorance on our part is positively inexcusable.

Oh, why weren't we born somewhere in Addis-Ababa or Guernica to find this out from them. Woe unto us!

* * *

Gone are the days when we dreamed of being caught by a band of pirates. Even they have so degraded now that you can't tell a pirate from a herring. . . .

Ah me. Ah me! What is this world coming to?

* * *

Well, it's all settled now. Japan was kind enough to declare that her bombing of civilians are "justified."

Who'll have the heart to criticize her now after she herself tells the world how justified she is in bombing the Chinese. We hope the people of China will now realize her just claim and willingly submit to the bombings. . . .

Santa Panta

Still from the prison earth is the shade of the gallows tree, there springs the blossom of human hope, the bloodroot blossom, the blossom with the wax-white face and the red root. Strange it should grow always there. Lilies from black mud, and hope, the highest hope, from the carmined stone of sacrifice. Yet thousands pluck the blossom, and hold it to their hearts; and the ideal of our dead waxes in the eyes fo the living. And eyes meet eyes, and the light of them crosses the sea and boundaries of the nations; and the dream grows, the dream of common fraternity of humankind, and the equal liberty of brothers. And Greed and Tyranny and Patriotism dividing man from man, making them strike foul blows against each other these very thousand, thousand years will die—hard—but they will die; for they are the past, the dead; and the new world, our world, the nationless world of free men, belongs to the living and to the future.

—VALTAIRINE DE CLEYRE

IMMORTAL WORDS OF OUR CHICAGO COMRADES

GEORGE ENGEL

All that I have to say in regard to my conviction is, that I was not at all surprised; for it has ever been that the men who have endeavored to enlighten their fellowmen have been thrown into prison or put to death, as was the case with John Brown. I found, long ago, that the workingman has no more rights here than anywhere else in the world. The State's Attorney has stated that we are not citizens. I have been a citizen this long time; but it does not occur to me to appeal for my rights as a citizen, knowing as well as I do, that this does not make a particle of difference. Citizen or not citizen—as a workingman I am without rights, and therefore I respect neither your rights nor your laws, which are made and directed by one class against the other—the working class. . . .

I have labored to bring about a system of society by which it is impossible for one to hoard millions, through the improvement in machinery, while the great masses sink to degradation and misery. As water and air are free to all, so should inventions of scientific men be applied for the benefit of all. The statute laws we have are in opposition to the laws of nature, in that they rob the great masses of their rights to "life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness."

I am too much a man of feeling not to battle against the societary conditions of today.

I hate and combat, not the individual capitalist, but the system that gives him those privileges. My greatest wish is that the workingman may recognize who are their friends and who are their enemies.

* * *

SAMUEL FIELDEN

We claim that so far as we have been able to find out in trying to find a cure for the ills of society we have not found out anything that has seemed to fit the particular disease which society, in our opinion, is afflicted with today better than the principles of Socialism . . . the world, which is generally honest, prejudiced though it may be, will not be slow to adopt its principles. And it will be a good time, a grand day for the world; it will be a grand day for humanity; it will never have taken a step so far onward towards perfection, if it can ever reach that goal, as it will when it adopts the principles of Socialism. They are the principles that ignore no man. They are the principles that consider the interest of everyone.

Today as the beautiful autumn sun kisses with balmy breeze the cheek of every free man, I stand here never to bathe my head in its rays again. I have loved my fellowmen as I have loved myself. I have hated trickery, dishonesty and injustice. The nineteenth century commits the crime of killing its best friend. It will live to repent it. But, as I have said before, if it will do any good, I freely give myself up. I trust the time will come when there will be a better understanding, more intelligence, and, above the mountains of inequity, wrong and corruption, I hope the sun of righteousness, and truth and justice will come to bathe in its balmy light an emancipated world.

* * *

ADOLPH FISCHER

Now, as I said before, this verdict, which was rendered by the jury in this room, is not directed against murder, but against Anarchy. I feel that I am being sentenced . . . to death because of being an Anarchist, and not because I am a murderer. I have never been a murderer. I have never yet committed a crime in my life; but I know a certain man who is on the way to becoming a murderer, an assassin, and that man is Grinnell —the State's Attorney Grinnell—because he brought men on the witness stand who he knew would swear falsely; and I publicly denounce Mr. Grinnell as a murderer and assassin if I should be executed. But if the ruling class thinks that by executing us, hanging a few Anarchists, they can crush out Anarchy, they will be badly mistaken, because the Anarchist loves his principles better than his life. An Anarchist is always ready to die for his principles; but in this case I have been charged with murder, and I am not a murderer. You will find it impossible to kill a principle, although you may take the life of men who confess these principles. The more the believers in just causes are persecuted, the quicker will their ideas be realized.

* * *

LOUIS LINGG

It is not murder, however, of which you have convicted me. The judge has stated that much . . . and Grinnell has repeatedly asserted that we are being tried, not for murder, but for Anarchy, so that the condemnation is—that I am an Anarchist! . . . You have charged me with despising "law and order." What does your "law and order" amount to? Its representatives are the police, and they have thieves in their ranks. Here sits Captain Schaack. He has himself admitted to me that my hat and books have been stolen from him in his office—stolen by policemen. These are the defenders of property rights!

Grinnell has had the pitiful courage, here in this courtroom, where I could not defend myself, to call me a coward! The scoundrel! . . . This wretch who, by means of perjuries of other wretches is going to murder seven men—is the fellow who calls me "coward!" And yet you blame me for despising such "defenders of the law"—such unspeakable hypocrites!

Anarchy means no domination of authority of one man over another, yet you call that "disorder." A system which advocates no such "order" as shall require the service of rogues and thieves to defend it you call "disorder."

I protest against this conviction, against the decision of the court. I do not recognize your law jumbled together as it is by the nobodies of by-gone centuries, and I do not recognize the decision of the court. My own counsel have conclusively proven from the decisions of equally high courts that a new trial must be granted us. The State's Attorney quotes three times as many decisions from perhaps still higher courts to prove the

opposite, and I am convinced that if, in another trial, these decisions should be supported by twenty-five volumes, they will adduce one hundred in support of the contrary, if it is Anarchists who are to be tried.

* * *

OSCAR NEEBE

I have been in the labor movement since 1865. I have seen how the police have trodden on the constitution of this country, and crushed the labor organizations. I have seen from year to year how they were trodden down, where they were shot down, where they were "driven into their holes like rats," as Mr. Grinnell said to the jury. But they will come out! Remember that within three years before the beginning of the French Revolution, when laws have been stretched like rubber, that the rubber stretched too long, and broke—a result which cost a good many State's Attorneys and a good many honorable men their necks. . . . We Socialists hope such times may never come again; we do everything in our power to prevent it. . . . But you capitalists won't allow this to be done. You use your power to perpetuate a system by which you make your money for yourselves and keep the wage workers poor. . . . You don't want anybody to be educated. You want to keep them down in the mind so you can squeeze the last drop of blood out of their bones.

* * *

MICHAEL SCHWAB

I know what life has in store for the masses. I was one of them. I slept in their garrets, and lived in their cellars. I saw them work and die. I worked with girls in the same factory—prostitutes they were, because they could not earn enough wages for their living. I saw females sick from overwork. . . . I saw girls from ten to fourteen years of age working for a pittance. . . . Thousands of laborers in the city of Chicago live in rooms without sufficient protection from the weather, without proper ventilation in which never a stream of sunlight flows. There are hovels where two, three and four families live in one room. . . . From the ash barrels they gather half rotten vegetables. . . . Is it a wonder that disease of all kinds kill men, women and children in such places by wholesale, especially children? Is this not horrible in a so-called civilized land where there is plenty of food and riches?

We contend for Communism and Anarchy! If we had kept silent, stones would have cried out. . . . The great principle underlying the present system is unpaid labor. Those who amass fortunes, build palaces, and live in luxury, are doing those things by virtue of unpaid labor.

Talk about a gigantic conspiracy! A movement is not a conspiracy. All we did was done in broad daylight. There were no secrets. We prophesied in word and writing the coming of a great revolution, a change in the system of production in all industrial countries of the globe. And the change will come, must come. Is it not absurd to suppose, as the State's Attorney and his associates have supposed, that this social revolution—a change in such immense proportions — was to be inaugerated on or about the first of May in the city of Chicago by making war on the police.

"Anarchy" is Greek, and means, verbatum: without rulership; not being ruled. . . . Anarchy is a state of society, in which the only government is reason; a state of society in which all human beings do right for the simple reason that it is right, and hate wrong because it is wrong. In such a society, no laws, no compulsion, will be necessary. . . . If Anarchy were the thing the State's Attorney make it out to be, how could it be that such eminent scholars as Prince Kropotkin and the greatest living geographer Elisee Reclus, are avowed Anarchists, even editors of Anarchistic newspapers? . . . Anarchy is a dream, but only in the present. It will be realized. Reason will grow in spite of all obstacles. Who is the man that has the cheek to tell us that human development has already raeched its culmination point. . . . It is entirely wrong to use the word Anarchy as synonymous with violence. Violence is one thing and Anarchy another. In the present state of society violence is used on all sides, and, therefore, we advocated the use of violence against violence, but against violence only, as a necessary means of defense.

* * *

AUGUST SPIES

In addressing this court I speak as the representative of one class to the representative of another. I will begin with the words uttered five hundred years ago on a similar occasion, by the Venetian Doge Faheri, who, addressing the court said: "My defense is your accusation; the cause of my alleged crime your history!" I have been indicted on a charge of murder, as an accomplice or accessory. Upon this indictment I have been indicted. There was no evidence produced by the State . . . then my conviction and the execution of the sentence is nothing less than willful, malicious, and deliberate murder, as foul a murder, as may be found in the annals of religious, political, or any other sort of persecution . . . you pronounce upon us the sentence of an appointed vigilance committee, acting as a jury. I say, you, the alleged representatives and high priests of "law and order," are the real and only law breakers, and in this case to the extent of murder. It is well that the people know this. . . . The contemplated murder of eight men, whose only crime is that they dared to speak the truth, may open the eyes of these suffering millions; may wake them up . . . these good Christians zealously sought to keep the naked fact from the working people and other righteous parties, namely: That on the evening of May 4, two hundred armed men and women, under the command of a notorious ruffian, attacked a meeting of peaceable citizens! With what intentions? With the intention of murdering them, or as many of them as they could. I refer to the testimony given by two of our witnesses. The wage workers of this city began to object to being fleeced too much. . . . They thought eight hours hard toil a day for scarcely two hours' pay was enough. This "lawless" rabble had to be silenced! The only way to silence them was to frighten them, and to murder those whom they looked upon as their leaders. . . . It is true that a number of lives were lost—many were wounded. But hundreds of lives were thereby saved! But for that bomb, there would have been a hundred widows and hundreds of orphans. . . . These facts have been carefully suppressed, and we are accused and convicted of conspiracy by the real conspirators and their agents.

What have we said in our speeches and publications? . . . We have interpreted to the people their conditions and relations in society. We have explained to them the different social phenomena and the social laws and circumstances under which they occur. We have, by way of scientific investigation, incontrovertibly proved and brought to their knowledge that the system of wages is the root of the present social iniquities—iniquities, so monstrous that they cry to heaven. We have further said that the wage system as a specific form of special development, would by the necessity of logic, have to give way to higher forms of civilization; that the wage system must furnish the foundation for a social system of co-operation—that is, Socialism. That whether this or that theory, this or that scheme regarding future arrangements were accepted was not a matter of choice, but one of historical necessity, and that to us the tendency of progress seemed to be Anarchism — that is, a free society without kings or classes—a society of sovereigns in which liberty and economic equality of all would furnish an unshakeable equilibrium as a foundation for natural order.

It is not likely that the honorable Bonfield and Grinnell can conceive of a social order not held intact by the policeman's club, and pistol, nor of a free society without prisons, gallows, and State's Attorneys. In such a society they probably fail to find a place for themselves. And is this the reason why Anarchism is such a "pernicious and damnable doctrine?"

Grinnell has intimated to us that Anarchism was on trial. . . . If that is the case, your honor, very well; you may sentence me, for I am an Anarchist. I believe with Buckle, with Paine, Jefferson, Emerson, and Spen-

THE NEW ABOLITIONISTS

Hidden among a mass of clippings and other material in the Labadie Collection which was donated to the University of Michigan, was a newspaper article, cut out and saved by Joe Labadie in November, 1887, when he and thousands of others were trying to save from execution eight men, accused and convicted of the throwing of a bomb on May 4th, 1886. These eight men were picked out as victims because of their agitation in behalf of the eight-hour work-day and decent conditions of living, at a time when Jay Gould was becoming a billionaire. After fifty years it is still unrevealed who threw the bomb. But the trial of these eight men, picked, as guilty, and so convicted, yet, today, known to have been picked for conviction, and the stirling characters of these men, during those long months, stirs men's minds, now, as then.

This small newspaper clipping, dated November 8th, 1887, and cut out of a Chicago paper says:

"Toledo, Ohio., Nov. 7.—The Lake Shore passenger train which passed through Toledo tonight west-bound had on board eight baskets of grapes, each basket holding ten pounds. They are billed to August Spies, Michael Schwab, Oscar Neebe, Samuel Fielden, A. R. Parsons, George Engel, Adolph Fischer and Louis Lingg, in care of the Sheriff of Cook County at Chicago. Each basket bore the following inscription; "Anti-monopolist and opponent of slavery in every form. From the vineyard of John Brown Jr. Put-in-Bay Island, Lake Erie, Ohio." The John Brown Jr. is the son of old John Brown, whose soul goes marching on. The grapes will reach Chicago tomorrow morning."

This clipping, coming to light so many years after Joe, with his shears, had cut it out of the Chicago newspaper, reveals an incident, long forgotten, yet so aromatic and refreshing that it has led to the further study of this story, linking the old abolitionists, John Brown, Arthur Tappan, Selah Dustin, Seymour Finney, and that great host, to the new abolitionists, outstanding among whom were the Haymarket men.

All Ohio was noted for its grapes, especially for catawba grapes, but as the forests were cut down the temperature became less certain and the grapes did not grow so well. But on Put-in-Bay and the other islands in Lake Erie grapes continued to be an outstanding product, on account of the large surrounding waters and the winds that blew. (Ref. No. 1.)

In a quiet cemetary lot on the beautiful island of Put-in-Bay in Lake Erie there are three tombstones. The tomb-stones mark the graves of John Brown Jr., born 1821, died 1895; Wealthy C. (Hotchkiss) Brown, wife of John Brown Jr. (married in 1847) born 1829, died 1911; John Brown 3rd, born 1852, died 1917, son of John Brown Jr. and Wealthy C. Brown. Elsewhere in the cemetary are buried Edith, a daughter, who married Mr. Alexander. Edith and her husband were the last to live in the old home, that is the last of the family. They died without children. The property was willed by them to a Russian, who, as a lad came to work for them. He lived with them seventeen years and was as a son to them, caring for them until they died. He now lives on the farm.

We were there. We followed the trail of the story and found the old house on the farm. In asking our way we came to the farm house door and spoke to a lady who had driven up to buy tomatoes. We told her the story. She had not known that John Brown Jr. was the son of John Brown of Harper's Ferry, but, speaking of his act, she said: "He would do that, he was a very kindly man." And she had known Wealthy and said she was a lovely old lady. We walked about the farm and pictured the life there. We looked for the vineyards but the grapes had died out. We saw, though, where the well trimmed vines had grown in the old days, and the cool cellar where the grapes could be housed after the picking. We ate some of Sy's tomatoes and admired his lovely flowers, nodding out to the blue waters that lapped up against the shore of the farm.

We imagined John and Wealthy, with their children, seeking out this retired spot, after the hectic days of 1859, with its terrible experiences, avoiding notoriety, pursuing their quiet ways of living. Why had they chosen to come to Put-in-Bay? Had they learned of it on account of Capt. Selah Dustin, and the escaped slaves? Had they been on his boat? Had they worked with him? Put-in-Bay, as you see on the map, lies between Detroit and Cleveland and over between them on the main-land is Sandusky and Toledo. This was all a part of the Underground Railroad. It seems most probable that they knew Capt. Dustin. Capt. Selah Dustin's name is mentioned in the Detroit Directory for 1853-54 but not after that, which may be accounted for by the fact that he did not care to be prominent for reasons of his own. nevertheless he was in Detroit in 1855, and was plying his boat between Detroit and Put-in-Bay and Sandusky. John Brown was in Detroit in 1855 and he and Frederick Douglass spoke at a meeting. After the meeting a few people met in a house in Detroit and ever since that house has been known as the JOHN BROWN HOUSE. John Brown had with him some escaped slaves he was endeavoring to get to Canada. Quite a few people at that time in Detroit helped negroes to escape. One of these was a man named Seymour Finney, who ran a hotel on the main street and who had a barn back on a less conspicuous street, known as the Finney House Livery Barn. In this barn the negroes could hide in the hay until they could escape. One way of escape was by boat. Capt. Selah Dustin, going from Detroit to Put-in-Bay and Sandusky, as his boat was loosened from the wharf would say: "Are there any more men who want to work on this boat?" The refugees would run and get on the boat. As the boat drew near the Canadian side at Amherstburg, the negroes would swim ashore, as the water was shallow there. (Ref. No. 2.)

How many memories John and Wealthy must have had to recall, as they trimmed the vines in the spring, and harvested the grapes in the fall and, then, snow and ice-bound, spent the long winter evenings. Yet they kept abreast of the times, too, and that was why, in November, 1887, eight baskets of grapes left the island for Chicago. The grapes had been picked before the heavy frosts and stored down cellar. And I think that Wealthy selected the bunches and carefully placed them in the baskets and covered the baskets with netting. And John wrote his name on the tags and the name of the man to whom each basket was to go and then harnessed the horse to the wagon and took the grapes to the wharf and saw them on the boat that left for the main-land. Then he posted the letters he had written to each one, so the letters and the fruit might get there together. Then he drove home, and that night, in their cozy farm house by the warm stove and the kerosene lamp, they talked it over and were glad for what they had done.

For eighteen months, now, John and Wealthy had been reading in the papers that came to them on the Island, of eight men in the Cook County Jail in Chicago, awaiting trial and death. For eighteen months these men had breathed no fresh air, nor felt the wind blow in their faces, nor smelt the odor of fresh cut hay, nor seen the stars. John and Wealthy must have thought like this. They thought, too, how like it was to 1859! And they were not the only ones who thought of this resemblance. In some way, also, they had learned of Dyer D. Lum, who stood out for his friends in that hour of danger, with thought only of them and none for himself. They learned he was a descendent of one of their old friends in the abolition movement, Arthur Tappan. They may have learned this through the sending of the grapes and not before. In either case, this knowledge enriched their lives.

So now had gone to each of the eight men a letter and a gift from the son of John Brown, from the sweet air and blue waters of Lake Erie, and from hearts wrung with agony for them. For three of these eight men came living tombs and for five, death. But not one of these who died ever received the gift or the letter sent! Even Louis Lingg could have, if they had been delivered when they reached the prison. The cruelty of jailors passes belief. Nevertheless others knew of it and loved this tribute to brave men.

Dyer D. Lum had taken over the editorship of the *ALARM* before A. R. Parsons died. Parsons wished this and wrote a letter to that effect. He must have seen the first issue, that of Nov. 5, 1887,—the first published since April 24, 1886. In this issue it speaks of the NEW ABOLITIONISTS. . . .

In the *ALARM* for January 14, 1888, Dyer D. Lum writes:

"Upon the morning (Nov. 11, 1887) Fischer began singing the Marsellaise. . . . One letter addressed to him and received at the jail three days before his death he never saw. It came from the son of John Brown. He had sent grapes to each of the prisoners with a letter of kind recognition of their cause. Not knowing them, nor their principles, he felt the similarity of their situation to that of his father's in Charleston, Va. Fortunately Mrs. Fischer received the grapes without knowing who was the donor. On the following day, Saturday evening, a number of letters were turned over to Capt. Black and myself. Among these was the following:

"County Jail, Put-in-Bay, Lake Erie,
Ottawa County, Ohio, Nov. 7, 1887.

"To Adolph Fischer: Brother, I send you by today's boat a basket of catawba grapes—charges prepaid through, as per express receipts indorced. Please accept in token of my sympathy for you and the cause which you represent.

"Four days before his execution my father wrote to a friend the following: "Charleston, Va., Jail, Nov. 28, 1859. It is a great comfort to feel assured that I am permitted to die for a cause—not merely pay the debt of nature as all must. John Brown."

"That alike assurance may be a comfort to you is the earnest desire of yours for the cause of the faithful, honest laborer, John Brown Jr.

After the death of the Haymarket victims the CANADIAN LABOR REFORMER said: "When John Brown was hanged, the aristocratic preachers in the fashionable churches all said he deserved his fate. None of them will say so now, however; not out loud at any rate. Recently, one of them said that the fall of the body of the martyr of Harper's Ferry shook the world. Per-

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cer, and many other great thinkers of this century, that the state and castes, and classes—the state where one class dominates over the other and lives upon the labor of another class, and calls this order—yes, I believe that this barbaric form of social organization, with its legalized plunder and murder is doomed to die, and make room for a free society, voluntary association, or universal brotherhood, if you like. You may pronounce the sentence upon me, honorable judge, but let the world know that in A. D. 1886, in the State of Illinois, eight men were sentenced to death, because they believed in a better future; because they had not lost their faith in the ultimate victory of liberty and justice! . . . I say, if death is the penalty for proclaiming the truth, then I will proudly and defiantly pay the costly price! Call your hangman! Truth crucified in Socrates, in Christ, in Giordano Bruno, in Huss, in Galileo, still lives. They and others whose number is legion have preceded us on the path. We are ready to follow!

* * *

ALBERT RICHARD PARSONS

If there is a distinguishing characteristic which has made itself prominent in the conduct of this trial, it has been the passion, the heat, and the anger, the violence both to sentiment and to person, of everything connected with this case. . . . Now, what is passion? Passion is the suspension of reason; in a mob upon the streets, in the broils of the saloon, in the quarrels on the sidewalk, where men throw aside their reason and resort to feelings of exasperation, we have passion. There is a suspension of the elements of judgement, of calmness, of discrimination requisite to arrive at the truth and the establishment of justice . . . this trial has been submerged, immersed in passion from its inception to its close, and even to this hour, standing here upon the scaffold as I do, with the hangman awaiting me with his halter, there are those who claim to represent public sentiment in this city, and I now speak of the capitalistic press—that vile and infamous organ of monopoly of hired liars, the people's oppressor—even this day these papers are clamoring for our blood in the heat and violence of passion. Who can deny this?

I maintain that our execution. . . would be a judicial murder, rank and foul . . . far more infamous than lynch law—far worse.

I have . . . espoused what I conceive to be the just claims of the working class; I have defended their right to liberty and insisted upon their right to control their own labor and fruits thereof.

I am an Anarchist. . . . The history of mankind is one of growth. It has been evolutionary and revolutionary. The dividing line between evolution and revolution, or that imperceptible boundary line where one begins and the other ends can never be designated. Who believed at the time that our fathers tossed the tea into Boston harbor that it meant the first act of revolution separating this continent from the dominion of George III and founding this republic in which we, their descendants, live today. Evolution and revolution are synonimous. Evolution is the incubatory state of revolution. The birth is the revolution—its process evolution.

What is the history of man with regard to the laboring classes? Originally the earth and its contents were held in common by all men. Then came a change brought about by violence, robbery and wholesale murder, called war. Later, but still way back in history, we find that there were but two classes in the world—slaves and masters. Time rolled on and we find a labor system of serfdom. . . . The industrial question, following in the natural order of events, the wage system of industry is now up for consideration; it presses for a hearing; it demands a solution; it cannot be throttled by this district attorney, nor all the district attorneys. . . .

The natural and the imprescriptible right of all is the right of each to control oneself. Anarchy is a free society where there is no concentrated or centralized power, no State, no king, no emperor, no ruler, no president, no magistrate, no potentate of any character whatever. . . . Whoever prescribes a rule of action for another to obey is a tyrant, a usurper, and an enemy of liberty. This is precisely what every statute does. . . . Laws—just laws—natural laws—are not made, they are discovered . . . the pious frauds who profess their faith in the "power" of God, while they employ the police, the militia, and other armed hirelings to enforce their man-made laws and maintain their "power" over their fellow-men. . . .

You accuse the Anarchists of using or advising the use of force; it is false. . . . The present existing state of society is based upon the maintained and perpetuated by force. The capitalistic system we have today would not exist twenty-four hours if it were not held together by the bayonets and the clubs of the militia and the police. But . . . the prosecution here accuses us of that very thing which they themselves are guilty of. . . . Now, any institution that is based upon force is self-condemned; it does not need any argument . . . to prove it.

The historic role of government is murder. The law is the statutory reflextion of Mammon. When the interests of capital demand it, when the fabric of oppression is threatened, government steps in to strengthen the foundation of Things As They Are, and to crush everything that appears to menace their continued existence. . . . If the Chicago tragedy had accomplished nothing more than to clarify the function of capital and the true role of government, the martyrdom of our comrades has not been in vain.

—ALEXANDER BERKMAN

HALF A CENTURY AGO

Detroit Evening Journal," Friday, July 3, 1885.

(In Chicago at this time there was a street car strike.)

The following was the headline and the quotation from the article:—

"ORDERED TO SHOOT."

"Lumber, gas pipes, huge boulders, barrells, beer kegs, dirt and every available sort of debris were used in obstructing the track. The applause became so great that the newly employed drivers began to flee from the cars and the strikers began to close in upon them. The police ran to their defense and Capt. Bonfield clubbed two of the strikers severely over the head. One of the injured, Pat Conway, is supposed to have had his skull crushed. Immediately after this incident Capt. Bonfield cried: "Shoot the first man that throws a stone; that's the order."

* * *

The following shows to what extent the press would go in stirring up fear and distrust and even hatred: This preceded the hysteria of the days of the trial of the anarchists of the Haymarket affair.

Detroit Evening Journal, Sept. 1, 1885.

"ANARCHY and DYNAMITE."

Series of Blood and Thunder Speeches to be Delivered this Fall."

NOTE:—The night before, which was Monday, August 31, 1885, there had been a meeting in Garmania Hall, Detroit, and Charles Bell and August Spies had spoken. Robert Reitzel, in his weekly German language paper **"Der Arme Teufel"** had announced this meting in the issue of August 29th, in a small item.

The Journal in telling about the meeting said that this organization, under whose auspices the meeting had been held, the International Working Peoples' Association "has about 100 active members."

Jay Gould and men like him were out to crush labor, the eight hour movement, the May First, 1886 demonstration demanding the eight-hour, if they could. It was by such means that they succeeded in misrepresenting the efforts of the workers and in prejudicing the minds of the press-reading public.

* * *

In April, 1886, (just before the bomb went off) there was a strike in East St. Louis, Missouri. Six men and a woman were killed.

The **"American Catholic Quarterly Review,"** Vol. XI (January to October) 1886, pages 322-344 (in the APRIL Number) has an article by George D. Wolff, entitled "The WAGE QUESTION." As the article appears in the April number, it must have been about ready for printing when the event occured which it contains. Page 343 has the advertisement, which the writer of the article says was "extensively published" and "speaks for itself." And the writer adds that six men and a woman were killed in the strike following the advertisement—the advertisement was as follows:— "Louisville & Nashville Railroad Company, Office of Agent, April 6, 1886, Ten good men from here are wanted as deputy marshals at East St. Louis, to protect Louisville and Nashville Employees. Five dollars per day and board will be paid. Also, a number of platform-men can be given employment Only men who have plenty of grit and mean business need apply. Apply at once. T. S. Genung, Agent."

* * *

Chicago Herald. Monday, November 7, 1887.

"BOMBS IN LINGG'S CELL."

"DYNAMITE IN COOK COUNTY JAIL."

FOUR DEADLY EXPLOSIVES UNEARTHED BY THE AUTHORITIES.

"On Saturday at noon the HERALD reporter, who for a week had spent sixteen hours a day in the jail was informed that an important consultation would be held in the private office of Jailor Folz at eight o'clock on Sunday morning. Upon presenting himself at the jail at 7:30 yesterday morning the reporter was denied admission. No explanation was vouchsafed. The outside guards said they had received instructions to permit no one to enter the jail yard or take up a position where any one in the jail could be signaled. Maintaining a close watch on the jail's entrances and exits the reporter saw enough to convince him that the authorities were closeted in secret consultation. Later developments showed that they were engaged in mapping out a plan of campaign to be observed in the event of Governor Oglesby's refusal to commute the sentences of the condemned men."

NOTE:—They made Lingg leave his cell and they went in it. They said they found four bombs.

If you have ever seen Cook County Jail and the two meshes of iron with several foot between them you can see that nothing got in that was not handed in to prisoners by guards—at least I think this is true—How easy for the bombs to have been placed in the cell—Lingg out of it. Why did they remove Lingg first? (Lingg was torn to bits by a bomb exploding in his cell on the eve of his execution.—Editor.)

* * *

"LIBERTY ENLIGHTENING THE WORLD."

Frederic Auguste Bartholdi conceived of the idea as he passed through the Narrows into New York City when he came over in 1870.

He decided upon Bedloe's Island.

"On the recommendation of President Hayes, a joint resolution was passed by Congress, on February 22, 1877, authorizing the President to designate and set apart a site for the collossal statue of "LIBERTY ENLIGHTENING THE WORLD."

"In the latter part of June, 1885, the French vessel, the Isere, from Rouen, France, having on board the statue, packed in 210 cases, sailed into New York Harbor."

"A Tribute of Respect and Esteem From the French People to the People of the United States."

The statue was dedicated October 28th, 1886.

The reference to the above statement is the "Souvenir-Bartholdi Statue." (Labadie Coll.)

Inscribed upon the STATUE OF LIBERTY—dedicated October 28, 1886, is the following:—

"Give me your tired, your poor,
Your huddled masses yearning to breathe free,
The wretched refuse of your teeming shore;
Send these, the homeless, tempest tossed, to me;
I lift my Lamp beside the golden door."

* * *

NOTE:—It was in June, 1877, that the eleven miners in Pennsylvania, called the "Mollie Maguires" were hanged—while Jay Gould was becoming a billionaire and while he and others were, by advertisements and agents, enticing foreigners to come over to Amrica, the Land of the Free, to build the railroads and to mine the coal.

On Washington's Birthday, 1877, the great depression in America was on. The wretched roamed America. Out of work, out of work, from city to city they went the unemployed, called "tramps." Tramps! Tramp, for work! Ask at back doors for food! Did Bartholdi know what became of the wretched who entered the Narrows and who were to pass by his great statue into Ellis Island—and on into America? Did President Hayes know? Why did they not know?

It was on that very day, October 28, 1886, that, in the Cook County Jail, in Chicago, eight men might read of the dedication of the STATUE OF LIBERTY ENLIGHTENING THE WORLD. These men had tried to tell of the wretched in America, had endeavored to make America a place to come to, to work, to bring up children in, and live happily: their efforts were bent on the EIGHT-HOUR WORK-DAY demand. For this they now were about to die. So had died, before them, those who had struggled in France, for Liberty, in whose honor, now, arose, in New York Harbor, a Statue of Liberty Enlightening the World. . . . A statue is but a statue, after all, . . . and the struggle goes on. . . .

A. I.

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tinent is the question for the Chicago Express; If the fall of one body in behalf of four million of black chattel slaves shook the consciences of thirty-five million of people, what effect will the fall of four bodies on behalf of ten million of wages slaves have on the slumbering consciences of fifty-five million? Time will bring an answer to the last as it did to the first. Pray Heaven, it be not an equally bloody one." (Ref. No. 3.)

Among the fifty-five million slumbering consciences, many had their first awakening through those eighteen months that terminated on Nov. 11, 1887. Many searched out the cause they knew not in order to learn what "an-archy" meant. John Brown, Jr. did this. For him ab-oleo (abolitinoist) was a glorious word, as was an-archy for the Haymarket men. What did this much misunderstood word, anarchy mean, he asked?

Dyer D. Lum, after reading John Brown Jr.'s letter to Fischer and learning about the grapes wrote to John Brown Jr. and sent him a copy of the *ALARM*. The issue that he sent was the first one printed after the execution—the issue of November 19, 1887. In this paper John Brown Jr. would read the last letter that A. R. Parsons ever wrote, in which he says: "Caesar kept me awake till late at night with the noise (music) of hammer and saw, erecting his throne, my scaffold." No wonder that John Brown's son searched out the meaning of an-archy. Such a message, coming from one who had been hanged on the gallows he had heard being built the night before he died, would set anyone to musing upon the deeds of -ARCHY. The following letter explains John Brown Jr.'s timid, tho in a way, courageous first step into a new path—the path of the NEW ABOLITIONISTS. Whither the path led him, after reading the *ALARM* for a year, cannot be ascertained. He was sixty-six years of age at this time, and he had spent himself twenty-eight years before, in 1859. Now he probably read and thought a great deal and did what came his way to do, but could not enter into the struggle. The following is his letter:

"Put-in-Bay, Ohio, Dec. 2, 1887.

Dyer D. Lum, Editor, *Alarm.*

My Dear Sir:—

Sincerely do I thank you for your favor of the 27th, ult. received on the 29th. Also, for a copy (No. 2) of A. R. Parsons' paper, which you have resuscitated. It is the first paper or document from those termed anarchists that I have ever seen. Permit me to decline your generous offer to place my name on your free list. I want the paper to live, and in token of the earnestness of my desire you will please find inclosed post office money order for $1.50 in payment of my subscription for a year. Job said: "The cause which I knew not I searched out." In doing that let me ask you: Does the term anarchy, in accordance with its usual and commonly understood meaning, express the real object and purpose of those who are called anarchists? In other words: Is the destruction of Law—of all conservative and restraining regulations—either a prime object or a means to the accomplishment of a chief purpose? By law I mean "the rule, obligation, or requirement of natural justice." Surely the anarchist cannot mean this. If so, then I cannot bid him godspeed. What, then, does he aim at accomplishing? "The cause which I knew not I searched out." Let us have "light, more light." To this end I shall carefully read the resuscitated paper of A. R. Parsons now edited by yourself, one of the descendents of the noted abolitionist, Arthur Tappan, with whom I formerly had the honor of a personal acquaintence. Forty years ago an abolitionist was regarded by the majority of the people of this country as the embodyment of real anarchy, a disturber of the public peace, a destroyer of vested rights—rights guaranteed by the constitution of the common government. Today (except among "Bourbons") the name of the noted abolitionist, Arthur Tappan, is cherished and honored among the intelligent and liberty loving everywhere.

Agitate and educate; but let us "mind the light." In our zeal for the cause of the oppressed laborer let us not stumble over and put out the light we have. While we realize the truth that "the destruction of the poor is their poverty," let us not forget what is equally and sadly true, that the destruction of the rich is their wealth. Twenty-eight years ago today my father was judically murdered at Charleston, Va. for his devotion to the cause of the oppressed laborers of African descent in America. Now we perceive that emancipation means more than simple freedom of the blacks from the bonds of chattel slavery. May heaven grant to all the people of our beloved country wisdom also to perceive that and to govern themselves accordingly. John Brown Jr." (Ref. No. 4.)

Agnes Inglis

References—

No. 1—"Amercian Commonwealths, Ohio." by Horace F. Scudder, (1888).

No. 2—"History of Detroit For Young People." by Harriet A. and Florence A. Marsh, (1935)—Chapter XIV. "Detroit in the Fifties."

No. 3—"Detroit Advance and Labor Leaf." (reprint) 1887, Dec. 24.

No. 4—"Alarm." edited by Dyer D. Lum. Vol. I, No. 4, 1887, Dec. 17. "Letter From John Brown Jr. Son of "Old Ossawatomie" Does Homage to the Martyrs of the Present."

AGNES INGLIS, October 16, 1937.

The eleventh of November, Eighteen Hundred Eighty-seven, is a mile-post on the road to freedom. . . . Like many another, its index was used as a gibbet on which to strangle men who could read the sign aright, and ever after the fates have glorified its gruesome arms so those who were blind can see. . . . The silence of the heroic grave speaks louder than the human voice, and round the toiling world it reverberates as an alarm bell the call to reason and revolt.

—JO LABADIE

A TRUE REVOLUTION

I had just finished a lecture and offered the floor to any one wishing to have his say. A man of about fifty years of age got up and said, "I am not an opponent and shall not speak as such. But I have a remark to make to the lecturer that has been on my mind for quite some time. For the past twenty years, I have regularly attended Faure's lectures. I have heard him expound on the most varied subjects, ownership, religion, family, love, morale, patriotism, State and what not. I have always been interested in his talks. However, whenever Faure reached his conclusion I have always been deceived. Yes, indeed, I have been deceived by every one of his lectures for the reason that no matter what the subject may have been his conclusion never changed.

The answer I gave him is still vivid in my mind. I said, "I am deeply touched to learn that you are one of my most truthful listeners. Although I am glad to know that my lectures have interested you, I am sorry to hear you say that you have been deceived by my conclusions because they were always the same.

"Now, I must frankly warn you that if you don't want to be deceived again you had better give up the idea of listening to my lectures. For I must tell you that if I will be able to lecture for twenty more years my conclusion, no matter what the subject, will always be the same

"This conclusion is as follows: In the cursed society in which we live, bloody riots will occur from time to time and the workers will continue being the victims. Such riots bear the stamp of an unavoidable fatality. Even as wretchedness, prostitution, ignorance, hypocrisy, hatred and war are inherent to the normal functioning of our social regime so are the consequent riots. They will only disappear when this social system will be replaced by another.

"It is really a loss of time trying to abolish the evils of society and at the same time retaining the principles of political, economic, intellectual and moral authority.

"There exists an imperative and unique solution to our problem. We must break the devilish circle that strangles us by clearing the ground of all existing institutions. Speaking frankly, the solution lies in a True Revolution.—SEBASTIAN FAURE.

The State-preservers and the well-to-do, desirable citizens apparently believed that the execution of thsee men will be the end of the Anarchistic nightmare. This Republic, officially, made the same farcical mistake as many autocratic despots had previously done, who believed that the murdering of revolutionary individuals was identical with the annihilation of revolutionary motives and ideas.

—MAX BAGINSKY

ART and LITERATURE

THE DISFRANCHISEMENT OF THOMAS MANN

"The Hitler Government has taken away the German citizenship of Thomas Mann."—News Item.

Thomas Mann has at last earned the most modern honor-achievement: the Hitler citizenship has been taken away from him. This is the best proof, that he has declared himself openly (orally and written) as—world-citizen. These two kind of citizenships are impossible for both parties.

If Thomas Mann has earned so *late* the honor to figure on the honor-list of the disfranchised citizens of free Germans, it is his own fault. When the blood-deciding mark between servility and freedom, between spirit and violence, was carried out in Germany, Thomas Mann was almost the only great German writer, who had stubbornly avoided the unavoidable war-declaration. All declared war: Hauptmann declared war against freedom and the spirit; Heinrich Mann declared war against the violence and the consciousless; Thomas Mann endeavoured to remain neutral: nor war and not peace.

Nobody doubted for one moment, that inwardly, in the secretiveness of his heart and mind, Thomas Mann was on the side of freedom and spirit; but outwardly he not only had not done anything, to express it clearly, but on the contrary, he had separated himself from everything, that could have been interpreted as a neutrality break. Thomas Mann had lived outside of Germany, he had not thought of riding into enslaved Germany, but in his new book "Joseph and his Brothers" he printed in Germany, in the Hitlerized Fischer publishing house, not in the exile publishing house of the German emigres; he buried himself in the historical novel Father Jacob and his children and ceased to participate in the daily struggle with his cultured-political essays; he openly disclaimed himself from collaboration in the German emigres' journal "The Collection," soon as Goebbel gave a knock on the table and threatened the collaborators of that journal with consequences, with Goebbel consequences.

Upon the upbraidings of his colleagues and nearest, upon the upbraidings of Thomas Mann's tens of thousands of admirers the great epochal and cultured man had a poor reply: he does not wish to close the roads for his works in Germany; he wants to be able in talking with his countrymen. He had forgotten the great Thomas Mann, or made himself forget, that there are times, when the *fighting* pen is more important than the *singing* one; that his admirers who remained in the Nazi-trap, will receive with a thousand times more satisfaction every sound of Thomas Mann's war declaration against the regime, that subjugates them, than the masterpiece, that will be allowed to appear in Germany.

If *this* was really the cause of Thomas Mann's groundless neutrality, he has finally realized, that he erred in his figuring. His book was allowed in the Nazi-land, but it had there a poor life: the official Hitler-literature ridiculed Mann's bible novel and the opponents of the Nazi-regime have not found in it a resound of their fears and hopes.

Thomas Mann had lost the cause of being neutral. His quiet hopes (if he really had them) that the Nazi-reign will be a short-lived episode—evaporated, that before he will yet end his cabinet-work over the bible-novel, the mist will already have passed away; thus will he be enabled to dream through artistically the mist-period.

Thomas Mann has awakened from his dream; he has by the oral and written word taken a position toward the mist of our surroundings, he has begun to attain his honor-achievement, that is to-day higher than the honor citizenship disfranchisement of the Hitler Germany.

* * *

On this ocassion, that Thomas Mann has received the honor-disfranchisement of fascist Germany, it will not be amiss to acquaint the reader with one of the first artistic anti-fascist works in Europe, with the booklet "Mario the Hypnotist." This is not only one of the first artistic anti-fascist works, but one of the most artistic, and it was written by one of the greatest prose-masters —Thomas Mann.

Yes, Thomas Mann's neutrality in the anti-fascist battle was but an episode of his continuous struggle against the political and cultural barbarism of fascism. And this struggle Thomas Mann carried on not only with his publicist-pen, but also with his novelist-one. Then, when Thomas Mann wrote his "Mario the Hypnotist," "A Tragical Voyage-Experience," Germany was not yet the Nazi-land of to-day, and the material for his sharp anti-fascist work Thomas Mann took in Italy. It is sufficient though but to change the names, the outer details, and Mario the Hypnotist can also be a tragical experience in Germany.

* * *

Superficially, Thomas Mann's booklet is an ordinary voyage-description. One relates how he comes with his family to Italy. He does not feel good there. Apparently due to petty things, that can happen anywhere, but through some hardly-noticeable comments the realtor gives you (as somehow unwillingly) to understand, that the atmosphere of the new Italy, its supper-chauvenist spirit, is unbearable. But he remains.

In the meantime there arrives in that cure-place, an hypnotist. The traveler wishing to bring some joy to his children takes them to the performance. The seance

We take great pleasure in presenting to the English speaking world the first of a series of social-literary-essays from the pen of one of the most able literary-essayists writing in the Jewish language. He is a regular collaborator of the Freie Arbeiter Stimme, and has given MAN! his consent to render into English any of his writings.—Editor.

of the hypnotist, the evident aim fo the booklet, is described thoroughly with many details, but still also as a voyage-experience. Only at the end, when one of the hypnotised shoots the hypnotist, the seance of the story arises.

The *pure art* in this story covers itself here with the *pure tendency*: they are one; the particular is artistically raised to the symbol. If the tendency-literature would have but only this story, it would also be powerful to diminish the thesis: tendency kills art.

* * *

The soul of the story is concentrated in the last number of the hypnotist's seance. After showing varied feats, the hypnotist calls forth upon the scene the waiter Mario, a youthful, tenderful Italian, whom the relator knows from the restaurant, where he has served his family.

Mario loves a girl, for whom he is ready to give his life. The hypnotist evinces this from him. He hypnotizes into his imagination, that he, the horrible looking hypnotist, is the loved girl, and he flirts with him, is allowed close to him, calling forth from the fooled one a state of ecstacy; the fooled one displays nakedly, before the hypnotist and the onlookers, the most intimate, the holiest of his soul, the meaning of his life; and who is more lucky than he, when the hypnotist shoves the face under his chin, and he, the poor Mario, gets the permission to kiss it!

But after the kiss the spell is broken. The surrounding public breaks out in a whale of laughter. The hypnotist releases Mario's will and he sees himself an outraged, a fooled one; his sincere love was taken and made a farce of, it was misused. Mario shoots the hypnotist.

The children of the relator accept this as an episode of the senace and ask, if it is already the end. "Yes, this is the end," the parents confirmed. And the relator adds: "A terrible end, an almost fatal end. And yet—a liberating end."

Mario is the symbol of the sincere, indivisible-human-man-of-the-people; the hypnotist—the will-cement, hypnotizing-violent, enslaving dictator, that belittles Mario, shoving under his sincere longing lips his ugly, faded face. When the spell falls, the terrible end arrives —and yet the liberating end.

* * *

Approaching to describe the hypnotist, the relator (Thomas Mann) says:

". . . Possibly in Italy more than anywhere else there is still alive the 18th century, and together with the type of the charlatan, of the market-shouting clown, that was so characteristic for that epoch, and that could be met only in Italy, in still well maintained samples. . . . "

Since "Mario the Hypnotist" has been written, the charlatans have ceased to be an Italian specialty. They have appeared in many other countries and especially in Germany. And together with them has come to life not the eighteenth century, regretfully, but many of those before, more unsympathetic ones. . . .

I. Rapoport

IN AN UNDERGROUND SHELTER

(In Spain)

The rain was beating on the roof of their shelter and the thunder of bursting shells seldom ceased. The young girl moved still closer to her old grandmother in their dark corner. There they sat, cold, hungry, miserable, weariness gnawing at their bones and hunger lending its sharp fangs.

"It seems so long, granny, since Pepito left us here —surely night has come." "Yes, child, night has come, but we must stay here, we have no place to go . . . and Pepito will look for us here."

Again they sat in silence and the shadows deepened and widened about them. Groups kept coming, more and more, huddling down amid the grim, dreary gloom of this underground shelter, out of the range of the bursting bombs . . . terrified children, weeping women, haggard men. Beneficent sleep came to some, and they stretched out on the hard ground and forgot the time and place, but some of them sat wide-eyed and terror-stricken listening to the noises as of thunder and shuddering.

Then Marie cried, "The church clock is striking, listen, granny," and her old grandmother crossed herself and listened, one, two, three—four, five—six—till 12 leaden gongs had pealed and died. . . . "Twelve o'clock, granny, and Pepito is not here."

"Sleep a little, Marie child, sleep, rest your head, so upon my lap. Perhaps when the first stroke of day comes, he will come too." "No, I cannot sleep. . . . Oh, granny, dear, perhaps he is dying . . . perhaps he was killed. . . . " Marie wept—softly.

"Hush, child, have patience. Pepito will return, try to sleep, have no fear . . . the Lord will not desert us." At last, exhausted, Marie slept, her head in the old woman's lap. The grandmother, bent with many years of toil, sat stoically, grimly waiting . . . waiting. . . .

"Granny, granny, is it day?" Marie cried after a little while, lifting her head.

"No, child, sleep a little more." "No, I cannot. Time's feet are heavy tonight, and sometimes he wears wings . . . and flies too swiftly." Thus too slowly the night wore on . . . when the gray dawn rose at last, the noise of the piercing thunder of the shells ceased for a while.

"Granny, Pepito does not come. I must go to him." "But child, where would you go? You do not know where to find him. He knows we are here. Oh, be patient, dear, be patient, he will come." She nodded her gray head as her gnarled, work-worn fingers smoothed Marie's dark curls.

Marie felt the old woman's hands, "You are cold, granny, here, give me them, I will warm your hands." She rubbed them with her strong, warm ones. "Thanks, daughter," the old woman said, "It is not the outside cold alone that causes me to shiver so." "Oh, I know," Marie answered, "for this gnawing pain I feel, it is not hunger for food." "No," her grandmother replied with a sigh. "And this dryness in my throat, it is not thirst for drinking. . . . Oh, granny, it is for Pepito I hunger and thirst . . . I long for Pepito . . . he may be dying and have need of me . . . yet here I sit . . . and sit. . . . Marie dug her nails into her fingers and bit her soft, full lips.

Some kind souls sitting nearby, offered them some food and precious water. . . . They ate a little and drank eagerly . . . but Marie's pain did not leave her; her great thirst remained unappeased . . . while her grandmother sitll shivered. . . . But at last towards evening a man approached them. With his light focused on them he questoined, "You, you are Marie?" "Yes, yes, I am Marie, quickly tell me, where is Pepito?"

"Pepito, yes, he sent me. He said I would know you when I saw you. He drew your picture well," he said, observing her kindly. "Never mind, tell me, where is Pepito, my husband?" "He, he cannot come. That is why he sent me." "He cannot come, but why, why, tell me, quickly, please." Eagerly, fiercely she caught hold of the man and begged, "Why, what — has happened?"

The man turned to the grandmother. She had understood, at once. "Tell her, mother, I—cannot. . . . Make her understand. Here, he gave these to you." The man handed Marie Pepito's remembrances, (their picture taken when love had laughed with them in their gay, happy hours just three months ago, when he had called her "my wife" for the first time, and she had laughingly and shyly answered, "My husband." . . . But how long ago this all seemed now. . . . Pepito's watch and the ring Marie had given him. Taking the things Marie understood then, too well, what she had been trying not to. "No, no, it cannot be" . . . she sobbed. The man shook his head. "He was a fine, brave comrade. I promised him I would find you. I have searched for a long time."

"Pepito, Pepito," Marie cried, then getting up, seeming taller and straight in her new-found dignity said, "Granny, I am going back with this stranger friend. I am going to fight too. I will take Pepito's place. Yes, that is it . . . I will take his place. I do not want to sit here and watch the heavy hours pass . . . and who shall I wait for . . . now? I am going, granny, stay here, if you wish . . . wait for me . . . I will come back. . . . "

The old grandmother wept, softly . . . "I raised you since you were a very little one . . . and now . . . " she could not stop her . . . yet she knew Marie would not come back.

Lilly Sarnoff

FOR HITLER

(*Who is preceded by mirrors whenever he enters a room*)

So you are building a highway
Of mirrors, one by one?
It is only a windowless by-way
That leads to oblivion!

CIVILIZATION

Be leopard-like, and crafty as a fox;
Be lawful wolves—your hearts unyielding rocks;

Out-boar the savage tusks, and never cease
To pick in shreads your brother, piece by piece;

Be charging horns for vast monopolies,
And gore the poor with new atrocities;

Lack wisdom, tread the frail with iron feet
If you would make your power and fame complete.

Civilization is out-beasting beast
By government and gentleman and priest.

Lloyd Frank Merrell

IN RETROSPECT OF CURRENT EVENTS

The Spanish Tragedy

There is so much to be dealt with, although many eventful matters are far apart, and seemingly incoherent.

The submarine piracy debacle has been solved to the satisfaction of the Moscow Pravda, according to the N. Y. Times of Sept. 28. "Despite certain short-comings the Nyon agreement may prove a turning point in the struggle against aggression." So condones the Pravda.

What, in reality does the Nyon agreement provide? It will aim at preventing attacks upon merchant marines of all nations but that of Spain, and one of the Governments that has been invited to join in the patroling of the seas is none other than the very same Government that has been the chief culprit of the submarine piracy campaign in behalf of Franco, the Italian one!

And the marxian regime of Russia is satisfied! What more is needed?

Whatever else was needed has already been furnished by Mussolini. His son, Bruno, has come forward on October the 5th to head a whole squadron of the "finest Italian bombing planes . . . in the service of insurgent Spain. . . . "

And one supposes that the Moscow Pravda, echoing its masters, will still be satisfied.

Following this sort of a "solution" to the open piracy of Italy, the even more pernicious acts of deceit are now being secretly concocted around a plan for the withdrawal of foreign troops from Spain. Franco is to get the price of semi-recognition from the so-called neutral governments, and the world's greatest Governmental prostitute, Great Britain, has already established an exchange of commercial agents with the butcher Franco. In the meantime, the mercenaries of Germany, Italy and Morocco will continue the wanton murdering of the Spanish masses so that Franco the Militarist, Marco the Exploiter and the Catholic Church—this trinity of black reaction may emerge once again as the victor. When this will be made possible, the infamous non-intervention committee ought to be regalled with "honorary" medals—for their treachery toward the people of Spain.

* * *

Marx, La Guardia and Labor

It is an interesting but rather sad spectacle that has recently been witnessed in our land. The CIO that was to usher in the millenium for the oppressed masses emerged as the fondling mother of a baby that the father had never even dreamed about. Most of the paid officials of the CIO throughout the country allied themselves with "democratic" ward leaders and captured many nominations for municipality, state and national jobs that were voted upon in the last November elections. In New York City the spectacle achieved its height of tragi-comedy. The Republican Mr. La Guardia mustered the support of not only the CIO, via its American Labor Party adjunct, but also that of the Socialist and Communist party as well! (The erstwhile split-up Socialist party has now on its hands a new split, as a result of its support to La Guardia. This newly split-off Left Wing minces no terms in speaking of this action, and which terms are indeed applicable as well to the American Labor Party and especially so to the Communist Party. The left wing organ, The Socialist Appeal, writes in its Sept. 25th issue:

> " . . . comrades who are earnestly devoted to socialist principles, who are concerned with their socialist integrity . . . who are fighting the betrayal of socialism perpetrated by the National Executive when it sanctioned the support of the capitalist demagogue, La Guardia, and declared the expulsion of all those who opposed this loathsome sell-out."

Thus the victories that marxism may claim are mani-fold. In Russia marxism has triumphed. In every modern country where marxian socialism took root similar "triumphs" can be accounted for. Who does not know of the Clemenceaus, the Millerands and the Briands and the Blums of France? Or the Eberts and Scheidemans of Germany? Or of the MacDonalds of Great Britain? And whilst enumerating triumphs of marxism—why not also include its indirect by-products: fascism in Italy and nazism in Germany?

That the American Labor Party will emerge as but another treacherous Labor Party as in Great Britain, of this there need be no longer any doubt.

But where does the working-class of this country come in? They do fit in indeed—as cannon-fodder that is to furnish all the material aid and votes. In the end, the gain of the workers will be, as it has been in other lands: nili. But not for the leaders who will ride on to victory of well paid governmental jobs for themselves. And what care these latter leeches of labor if, by doing so, they become but a part of the very machine that serves the exploiting class as its legal protector of everything that it robs the producers of? Tomorrow, if fascism should emerge as triumphant in America, the same spokesmen of labor would overnight become part and parcel of the fascist set-up. Anyone that thinks for one moment that this is an exaggeration need but to ask oneself as to what became of all the labor officials and leading socialists in Italy or Germany. Most of them changed their allegiances overnight.

The road to genuine freedom and every avenue that the dawn of such freedom would open up to the oppressed is not one that can be followed via that of political deceits and double dealings or united front maneuvers, even when these embrace th AFL and CIO, the Socialist and Communist—or what not.

The road to liberation is clear-cut and uncompromising. Every defeat and disillusion of the oppressed cries out this fact from many a land of this globe. And one need but look with open eyes and a critical mind as to what has happened throughout the world during seventy years of marxist "triumphs," most notable that of Russia, and now the imminent one in Spain, in order to fully realize which is the wrong and right road to pursue.

* * *

Black Liberalism All Around

When the honorable Mr. Roosevelt named Senator Hugo Black for the vacancy post on the U. S. Supreme Court, a chorus of Hasannas went up in the camp of our liberal and radical world. You see, Mr. Black has been so vociferous in behalf of Mr. Roosevelt's "new deal" legislation that none of the liberal and radical circles who knew better even as much as took the trouble to mention the fact that Mr. Black had somewhat of a shady, if not actually a particularly—black-colored past. In fact, as he is now being revealed, they were most anxious to forget it. But, the unpleasant colored fraternity that Mr. Black had been associating with, remembered his past quite well. They gave Mr. Black all the rope he wanted to—whilst playing his role of "The Man On The Flying Trapeze." With his appointment to a seat on the chief executioner's bench over any portending beneficial legislation in behalf of the people, his former shady associates thought it was time to cut the gordian knot.

Frankly speaking, our liberal and radical world utterly lacks even a sense of humor. Instead of playing the game with the avowed dark forces of the land, they fell so easily into a well-laid trap in which they themselves, as well as Mr. Roosevelt and his "new deal" associates, find themselves so deeply buried in—that not even a hundred "intellectual"—ghost speeches or fire-side radio talks and accompanying actor-smiles of Roosevelt, the showman, could extricate them from. Had the liberals and radicals possessed a sense of humor they would have joined the dark forces in the attack upon the past association of Mr. Black with the original Fascists of the modern age: the Klu Klux Klan. What a grand opportunity to damn to hell the hooded forces of the land that only recently raised their head anew via the Black Legion!

But instead of revealing a sense of humor, the liberals and radicals of the land revealed the voidness of their so-called principles. The Nation took the lead in this respect. In its issue of Sept. 18th one reads:

> " . . . the Nation wholeheartedly supported his nomination in spite of rumors of an early political flirtation with the klan."

From The New Republic to The New Masses a similar chorus of defense of Roosevelt's appointment is being expressed.

And the "citizenship" of the land is beholding this strange spectacle: all the blackest forces of the land defending the so-called principles that the liberals and radicals were expected to be the guardians of, whilst the latter named two placed themselves in a position of having to justify and explain away the association of Mr. Black with the very things they are supposedly to have been in the past at war with!

The appointment of Mr. Black, the former Klu Klux Klanner, by Mr. Roosevelt, to serve as a chief justice in behalf of safeguarding the present capitalist system is on a par with his casting out from his administration nearly every one of those liberals who had any dream that his administration really heralded the dawn of a "new deal," and his substituting in the place of those cast out with such characters as a Mr. George Otis Spencer. (In case you are not aware of Mr. Spencer's standing in the community, the report of The Federal Trade Commission will prove very enlightening. Mr. Spencer has paid out no less than 200 vouchers in bribes to speakers, newspapers and agents in Maine in behalf of the New England Service Utility Corporation, in order to influence legislation and "public opinion." Now, out of all the people in the land, Mr. Roosevelt could not find any one else to appoint to become Chief of the Utility Holding Company Division of the Security Exchange Commission—than the same former briber of a Utility corporation—Mr. Spencer!)

Whoever has been in doubt about the anarchist's just contentions against the twin monsters that hold mankind in their paws—the State and Exploitation—let any such stand up, if he has any legs to still stand upon. . . .

Mr. Roosevelt's appointment of Mr. Black, no less than the predicament in which the liberals and radicals found themselves in by supporting the appointment, was but a sorrowful spectacle — revealing the Black Liberalism All Around us—a state of affairs that explains so much to all those who can think for themselves.

* * *

Truth Will Out

A conscience is something that every human being possesses. It may be dormant or smothered for any length of time. But when least expected it will re-awaken and give untold trouble. Feodor Dostoyevsky made himself famous by his pen-portrait of a conscience in the student Raskolnikov in "Crime and Punishment."

And, strange as this may appear, even those mortals that constitute the Government institution, these too reveal the pangs of a conscience. This fact recently came to the surface when the Governor of the state of Massachusetts, Mr. Curley, took the trouble to remind the world that the "cultured" commonwealth which allowed itself the pleasure to burn two anarchists has not learned a thing since.

Mr. Curley had written a preface to the WPA guide entitled: "Massachusetts a guide to its places and people," and the state secretary, a Mr. Cooke, gave his endorsement as well. But evidently neither of the two "statesmen" took the trouble of reading the volume they gave approval to. . . . So, when the book appeared, others read it—and the conscience of the "statesmen" awakened to such a high pitch that only the complete suppression of the volume will appease their souls, or should one say, their masters?

The WPA authors have committed a series of unheard of crimes: a) Statements are made in the guide that the Phillips greenback movement was inspired by anarchists and socialists; b) That the Lawrence strike of 1912 was caused by employers who reduced wages in retaliation for new laws regulating the employment of women; c) That national guardsmen ruthlessly spilled blood in the Boston police strike by firing into cheering crowds; d) That the Legislature repealed the child labor amendment through the vigorous opposition of the Associated Industries of Massachusetts; e) And that, but by no means least, the guide devotes fourteen pages on a treatise on the judicial murder of Nicola Sacco and Bartelomeo Vanzetti.

The "crime" of the WPA authors is unforgivable. Still, I would rather suggest that they ought to celebrate the whole event. First cause—is the exposed ignorance of the two "statesmen" of Massachusetts by not reading the volume, otherwise it might never have seen the light of day. Second cause—the Governor's attempt to suppress the guide volume will attract that wide attention to the wrongs that it exposes, and which the reigning tools of exploitatoin and reaction would wish so dearly to suppress.

Yes, truth will out, especially where King ignorance becomes awakened to its conscience. . . .

M. G.

The ideas for which our comrades Parsons, Spies, Lingg, Fischer and Engel died on the gallows in 1887—those very same ideas strike terror to the heart of the enemy of our time. And blind as were the rulers of a quarter of a century ago, blind they are today. Still they hope to be able to garrotte those ideas by strangling the pioneers of the social movement. The stormy petrel screams over the heads of our financial pirates, and their helmsmen try to reach the haven of safety by steering their ship through a sea of blood and desolation. . . . In vain, in vain! The powerful voice from the grave of the martyrs urges the social rebels to greater and greater effort. The lesson they taught us is not forgotten; it went into our very souls and is part of our life—yea, is life itself.

—HIPPOLYTE HAVEL

FINANCIAL STATEMENT

(August 15 to October 15)

Income: California; Receipt No. 35, List $20.00; No. 33, $1.00; No. 34, $0.50; No. 39, $1.00; No. 56, $20.00; No. 63, $1.00; No. 64, (from affair), $50.00; No. 66, $1.00; No. 68 (from discussion), $8.05; No. 69, $5.00 . No. 75, (from affair), $21.57; No. 50, $5.00; No. 56, $1.00; No. 54, $1.45; No. 53 (affair), $37.10. Colorado; No. 40, $1.00. Canada; No. 41, $2.00. Conn.; No. 66 (group), $6.50. Flo.; No. 71, $1.75. Illinois; No. 42, $1.00. Idaho; No. 37, $1.00. Ohio; No. 43, 44, 45, 46, 49, $1.00 each; No. 47, 48, $0.50 each. Penn.; No. 38, $1.00; No. 70 (group), $10.00; No. 72, 73, 74, $1.00 each. Mass.; No. 58, $1.00. Md.; No. 61, $2.00. New York; No. 51, $19.00; No. 62, $1.00. Wash.; No. 52, $4.00; No. 67, $1.00; No. 65 (Freedom Press through T. H. Keel), $5.10; Receipt No. 59 from Group L-o, $10.00.

TOTAL	$252.02
Deficit of Aug. 15	$ 18.77
Exuenditures, two issues	276.80
TOTAL EXPENDITURES	$295.57
TOTAL INCOME	252.02
DEFICIT	$ 43.55

All those sending money should kindly check their receipt numbers with those printed in the financial statement for any omissions or errors that may be found and that we would be glad to rectify.

Youth Group, Brooklyn, N. Y.

The affair held on October the 30th for MAN! and the Political Victims had a total income of $138.32 and a total expenditure of $73.32. The net income of $65.00 was equally divided and forwarded accordingly.

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Erratum

On the Art and Literature Page of the October Issue appeared the third and concluding part of William Allen Ward's story: The Reporter. The heading over the story was left out.

MAN!

A Monthly Journal of the Anarchist Ideal and Movement

MARCUS GRAHAM, Editor

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